

strong for him. His cool, deliberate mode of warfare was more than a match for the sprightly buck. His strength was soon exhausted, and our hunter, who had long aimed to throw his combatant with his *feet from him*—for he had no thought of being raked with his sharp hoofs—now succeeded. He laid him across a log, which gave him an opportunity to draw his knife and end the conflict.

On another occasion he tracked a bear and some whelps far into the wilderness. While in pursuit he came suddenly upon the old bear at the mouth of her den. He had no sooner lodged his rifle ball in her body than she wheeled, and the dog made after her. But the commotion *without* alarmed the cubs *within*. They came rushing to the mouth of the den, when they were met by the old German, who grabbed one by the neck. He thought he could hug as hard as a young bear. But he soon found that no had "caught a Tartar." The little fellow proved to be as long-winded as his antagonist. But the stalwart hunter had been accustomed to these close fights. He had no thought of making compromises with young Bruin. A few more struggles brought this "fast youth" up against a log, where our hunter, releasing one hand, drew his knife and ended the battle. The young cub weighed fifty pounds.

It would seem that *such* a victory would have satisfied German ambition for *that day*. But, on his way home, he fell upon another track, which soon brought him to a cave or den among the rocks. He entered the mouth of it, and saw, about twenty feet before

him, the glaring eye-balls of old Bruin, who had retired to her dark lair. Aiming at the space between the glaring eye-balls, hoping there might be brains there, he sent his leaden bullet on its message of death. After the smoke had passed away he crawled in, knife in hand, to reconnoitre the field and bring off the trophies of victory, if there should be any. As he advanced, he discovered that the enemy were not all dead, and that it might be safer for him to retreat to a place where he could have a fairer field. Accordingly, having returned, he took his rifle, and, re-entering, he again saw two eye-balls in that dark retreat rolling wildly at him. Seeing nothing very agreeable in their motion, he soon treated them to the same material he had before done. The smoke having removed, he re-entered, to count and recover the dead. Creeping cautiously, with knife in hand, he discovered now no fiery eye-balls—no movement—no signs of life. He at length laid his hand *firmly* on his prey; but life was extinct. He dragged out an old bear with her cub.

XIII. MRS. SARAH BENJAMIN.

There is a woman in this town who, on account of her extreme age, claims a notice in this discourse. Her name is Sarah Benjamin. Her maiden name was Sarah Mathews. She was born in Goshen, Orange County, New York, on the 17th of November, 1745. She was, therefore, 110 years old on Saturday last. She has had three husbands. The first was Mr. William Read. He served in the Revolutionary war, and was in the army in the early part of the struggle. He